— Heaven. —

How would Heaven seem to you,
If in all that region blue,
No bird should flit on feathered wing,
No cock should crow, nor cricket sing?

How would Heaven seem to you,
If horse or dog you never knew?
If no herd grazed on distant hill,
If no cat purred on window sill?

How would Heaven seem to you,
Where dwell in joy the good and true,
Without the little shy wild life
With which our fields and woods are rife?

"How would Heaven seem to me"?
You ask me this, I'll answer free,
If there is none but human race,
Heaven would be a lonesome place.

E. B. L.

I may not reach the heights I seek,
My untried strength may fail me;
Or I halfway up the mountain's peak
Fierce tempests may assail me;
But though my goal I never see
This thought shall always dwell
with me—
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success.
Despite my earnest labor;
I may not grasp results that bless
The efforts of my neighbor.
But though life's dearest joys I miss
There lies a nameless strength in this—
I will be worthy of it.

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